

#3

WE ARE TURNING



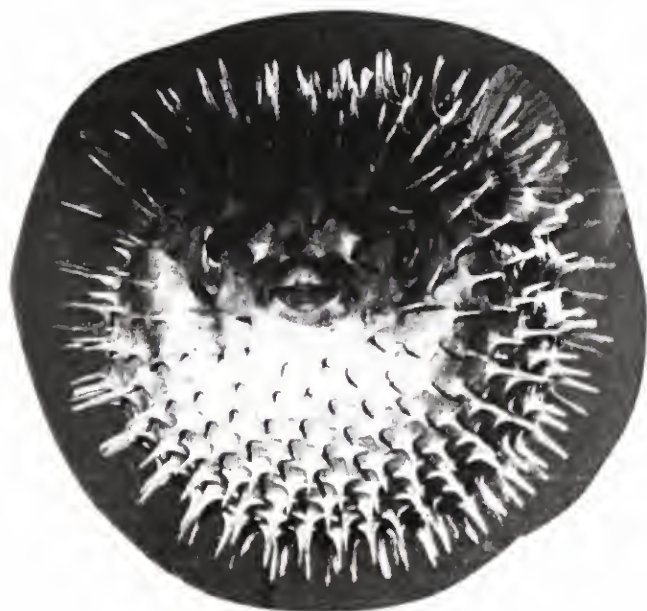
CURSIVE LETTERS
INTO KNIVES

Hello, will you be
my friend?



welcome to issue number three...the best
(hopefully) so far. typed, with more
pictures and all that good stuff. so...
what do you think? let us know - the
contact info is on the back page.
anyways, enjoy, and come back for more,
you hear?

dana + adam = zinester heaven



next issue - a cartoon
about the war + the
pickle, life, addiction,
more poems (maybe) a

contact info:

email -
withering_lilly@yahoo.com
dana@girlswirl.net

snail mail -
2808 s. 63rd st.
milwaukee, wi 53219 (dana)

website -
shadowy.envy.nu/dork.html
(it's not really updated that often..
or ever, really)

new price!
one dollar or two stamps or trade

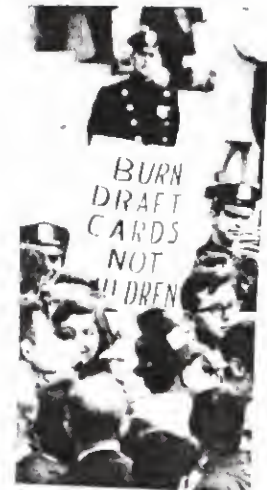
got a zine/craft/random diy project
you want to promote in hello, will you
be my friend? let us know, i'm a trade
junkie.

mwah

wall.
 I swear. I swear I've heard you before.
 A cheerful woman, behind the wall...
 In my dreams I've heard her.
 She discusses world politics and university alumnae.
 She discusses stem cells and finds her god.
 Behind a wall she hides.
 Only her muted alto voice survives the trip through
 Only what matters makes it. matter.
 Surprised by the frequency of her short pauses, I
 listen...mesmerized.
 A sweet voice escapes a sweet mouth and arrives at my
 The topic drifts to Russian economy.
 Her voice doesn't drift far. ear.
 I love her optimism.
 I love her class.
 I bring her four bottle of jarred water in efforts to
 voice without a home, a voice without appease her.
 voice behind a wall. a heart.



His eyes flash open, only to find himself still in existence. He
 stands, he turns off the alarm, he leaves. He smokes until he is
 sexy. He hears music until the point of a numbing orgasm. He
 returns to his bed. His eyes open, slowly this time, to the
 distant traffic report on his AM radio. Disgusted by himself, he
 turns on the light. He stares at the light until purple veins of
 skewed waves pulsate in his vision. He smokes until he is sexy.
 He washes until he feels a numbing orgasm. Feeling the subtle
 burn he returns to his bed with no more of a choice. Beyond his
 eyes, there is a hollow. He does push-ups until his dick grows
 sterile. He smokes lovingly. He smokes until everything is sexy.
 He returns. He returns to ashes. He returns to dust. From ashes
 to ashes, from dust to dust.



Zine reviews

Bitch Box #1 - This is such a great zine, I really think. Issue one contains things that rock, poetry, riot grrrl rants, pics of the gossip, zine reviews, and so much more! marie is such a sweetie, and her zine is really good! you can contact her at girlboxzine@aol.com or at 14 night heron drive/stony brook, ny 11790

Tacomobile #3 - another really good zine, done my meredith. she's a really interesting person, and the zine really shows it. she also does the supernova distro, super cool as well - with a clara bow layout! visit her site at violeteyes.net/supernova

GlamourPuss - this is a webzine done by jadeekah - check it out at glamourpusmag.com it's very interesting, something i can't say for most webzines.

Ex-Grrrl - i have been reading this zine since it's first incarnation as i'm just as good, and cassandra has never dissappointed. it's always chock full of goodies like poetry, random thoughts about life, and a gorgeous layout every time. contact cassandra at angrygrrrl@poetic.com you won't regret it.

want yr zine reviewed here? hey, i'm a zine whore, i'll do it. just send em my way: 2808 s. 63rd st./milwaukee, wi 53219

4. half price books bookstore - since we are both pretty moneyless, this is like the only place we buy books...sometimes, they have this half price half price sale, and it's like heaven. check them out online at halfpricebooks.com

5. asian pears - i brought one to school in my lunch, and hardly anyone knew what it was...but they're so good. they're kind of like a cross between an apple and a pear, with a pear-y skin. they're really juicy and delish..i wish i could have them all year long.

6. the national organization for women - i do volunteer work for the milwaukee chapter (something i'll probably write about for the next zine..stay tuned!), and it's really amazing. i'm going flyering (putting now flyers on car windshields) this weekend, and i'm also trying to put together a presentation on body image at my school. i think it's important for girls to have a forum to talk about these things...because it's something that needs to be dealt with.

rockin the socks off of us...

1. baker's breakfast cookies - these are the best cookies ever. they're vegan (i'm not, but i totally respect that), and they are so so good. but they're \$1.50 each, and i'm pretty damn poor, so i don't eat them that often. someone today told me they taste like dirt, but i could eat them forever. check out their website at bakersbreakfastcookies.com (i think).

2. having a printer/copier/scanner - super cool, huh? my family pretty much spent all our money on a new computer and printer (so we're not going to ohio on a college visit...oh well...), but they're totally worth it.

3. checking out other people's livejournals - people are so goddamn pretentious...especially teenagers. it makes me a little sick. even though i have a diaryland site - sparklebomb.diaryland.com - i keep all the really melodramatic stuff for my real journal. i know i sound just like everyone else (sometimes), but at least i keep it to myself. but hey, it's tremendously entertaining!

She lost her shadow. Sad and simple. While picking strawberries in the sweet afternoon, she lost track of all but strawberry picking. She could have lost her mind or her salivary glands, but her shadow seemed to be the solitary loss. Poor girl. A world full of vivid shadows and her, without even a hope.

dara's
senior picture -
september 2001



(i might disintegrate
into thin air if you
like. i'm not the
dark center of the
universe like you thought)

mix tape mania!

i love making mix tapes. really. i make adam mix tapes all the time, and vice versa. the track listing from the best tape i've ever made: (07.28.01)

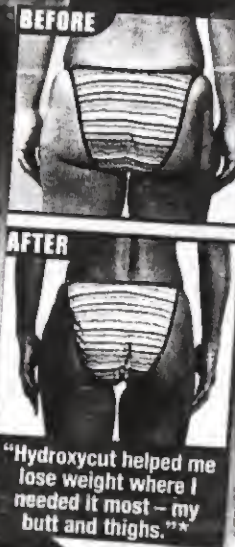
side a

1. lauryn hill - lost ones
2. u2 - sweetest thing
3. blackalicious - reanimation
4. the frumpies - frumpies forever
5. modest mouse - heart cooks brain
6. black eyed peas - get original
7. the ramones - the kkk took my baby away
8. public enemy - don't believe the hype
9. elliot smith - needle in the hay
10. air - sexy boy
11. dandy warhols - the dandy warhols tv theme song
12. travis - sing
13. bob marley - easy skanking
14. everything but the girl - compression
15. cat power - cross bones
16. the peechees - other ice age

side b

1. outkast - aquemini
2. the electrocutes - solamente tu
3. tracey bonham - the one
4. jurassic 5 - concrete schoolyard
5. bob dylan - rainy day women # 12 and 35
6. tori amos - yes, anastasia
7. me first and the gimme gimmes - hats off to larry
8. count basie - you and your love
9. julie ruin - a place called won't be there
10. jon spenser blues explosion - talk about the blues
11. aphex twin - milkman
12. king biscuit time - i walk the earth
13. gang starr - dj premiere in deep concentration
14. sleater-kinney - all hands on the bad one
15. danielle howle - in your house
16. moby - southside

"Losing 22 Pounds
Was Easy. Real Easy!"



Before



After



THIS IS NOT A REALITY
what are we teaching our little grrls?

what we're reading

dana:

1. che by jon lee anderson. i'm reading it right now, and it's pretty good. i usually don't have the patience for 1000 page books, but i think che is so interesting. at least, his childhood was..that's as far as i've gotten.

2. the count of monte cristo by alexandre dumas. don't ask why i read this, i'm not really sure. but it was a lot less sappy and stupid than i expected. actually, it was really creepy. i would suggest reading it, but only for the ending.

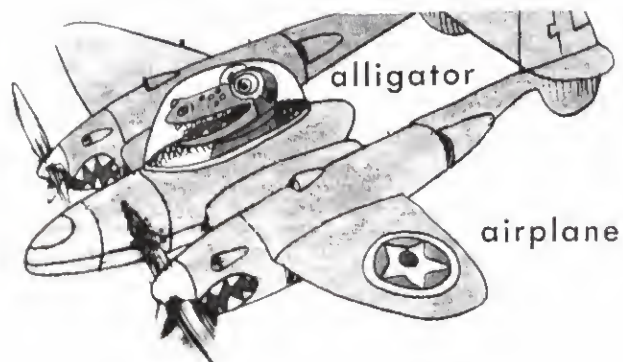
3. one hundred years of solitude by gabriel garcia Marquez. i had been wanting to read this for like one hundred years (haha, i crack myself up), but i'm glad i waited, because we're reading it in english this year. it's such a gorgeous book, garcia Marquez is such a good writer. if you don't mind a lot of incest (and i mean a lot), definately read it.

adam...

1. God Bless you Mr. Rosewater by Kurt Vonnegut (earns one thumb up on the adam scale)

2. Timequake by Kurt Vonnegut (earns an two thumbs up on the adam scale)

3. Nausea by Jean Paul Sartre (adam questions the existence of thumbs)



the best tape adam has ever made me:

side a

1. franz liszt - liebestraum #3
2. radiohead - like spinning plates
3. common sense - resurrection
4. jason konek - typhoon
5. dj krush and toshinori knodo - fu-yu
6. modest mouse - tiny cities made of ashes
7. grand master flash - white lines
8. roni size/reprazent - beatbox
9. air - remember
10. radiohead - the national anthem (live)
11. fila brazillia - harmonicas are shite

side b

1. lou reed - walk on the wild side
2. beethoven - moonlight sonata
3. radiohead - karma police
4. duke ellington - single petal of a rose
5. miles davis - blue in green
6. a tribe called quest - ham n eggs
7. the violent femmes - good feeling
8. jurassic 5 - monkey bars
9. sonic youth - shadow of a doubt
10. radiohead - motion picture

aren't we both super cool kids? if you wanna trade, just let me know....

artofthemix.org is a super cool site for all you tapesters.

he stood up and wiped her eyes. she had been crying
 so long that she wasn't quite sure what to do. but
 he figured wiping her eyes was a good start. where
 he tears soaked her hands, the skin became numb.
 that was funny to her-
 he was crying anesthetic. she
 breathed her first breath of fresh air in so long.
 the air hurt her lungs.
 the fan above her whirled and
 blew cold air in her face. she couldn't move, her
 feet were rooted to the floor. but she knew she'd
 have to deal with that herself, too. she bit her lip.
 she didn't know if the gesture was sexual, nervous,
 anything else. she didn't know herself anymore. but
 she'd figure it out. she knew she would. by
 herself.



Out there, ominously moving toward its destiny,
 was a truck with Reuben's name on it.

i watch the rain as it hits my window. the droplets
 fall to the concrete: my eyes follow them. they're so
 much more free than i ever could be. i wonder where
 they get that freedom from. is it their god given
 right to flow and fall as they please while i sit
 here, tied down with my head in my hands? i watch the
 rain. my fingers bleed from their tips. blood red as
 the finest ruby. the cracks in the floor lick up my
 blood, collect it in little puddles for further use.
 my fingers bleed,
 my wrists bleed, my mouth bleeds. i
 taste the smooth metallic liquid as it passes through
 my lips. i feel it running down my chin onto my
 breasts, my stomach, my thighs. then it drips from my
 legs onto the floor, into the cracks that devour it.
 a slow, steady dripping
 noise. now, not so slow, but
 still steady. if i could see myself right now, i'd
 probably weep. good thing i'm tied down. then, it
 dawns on me. the drops of blood are as free as the
 rain outside. i am free. so, instead of weeping for
 shame, i weep for joy. i am free.

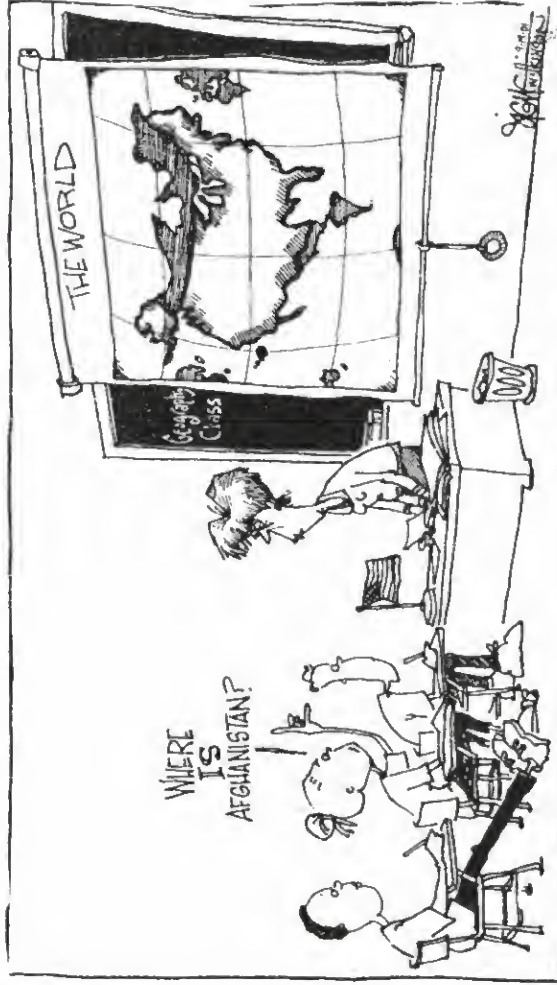
a few through the
the others

my obligatory thoughts on america's tragedy:

- i was in school, in my americas class, actually. second hour, around 8:30am (central time). we were about to watch a movie about the spanish missions in brazil, when someone rushed into our class from the library, where they had been watching the news.

- WHERE
IS
AFGHANISTAN?

1. 'Kid A' by radiohead (just Kid Aing)
2. 'The 3 EPs' by The Beta Band (umph)
3. 'Best of Blue Break Beats' (yay for me!)



"some planes have crashed into the world trade center," she cried. we didn't believe her - before september eleventh, who would have? - but we turned on the tv and, sure enough, there it was. the united states, the place we had thought of as impenetrable to the type of violence we take for granted as happening in other countries, was under attack before our very eyes.

a friend of mine and i went to tell other classes - we were almost the first to find out. another teacher wouldn't believe me, even accused me of playing an awful practical joke on him. i wasn't.

it didn't hit me - the tremendousness of this event - until the next hour. in spanish class, we drew a square on the board and wrote our feelings in it. i know it sounds stupid now, but it really helped then. our teacher tried to get us to focus on our lesson - only because her son lives in dc - but a friend of mine burst into tears and ran into the bathroom. i followed her, and soon, there was a menagerie of crying girls in the bathroom. some things, you have to cry about. this was one of them. i don't know what the right course of action is here. i am a definite pacifist, and i do feel that america is not quite doing the right thing. but i don't know..what is right. maybe i'll figure it out someday. maybe not.

aaron macgruder, the cartoonist who does the boondocks, has some incredibly valid points on this issue..check him out at theboondocks.net (i think..) if you don't or can't read him.

cr okayplayer.ccm

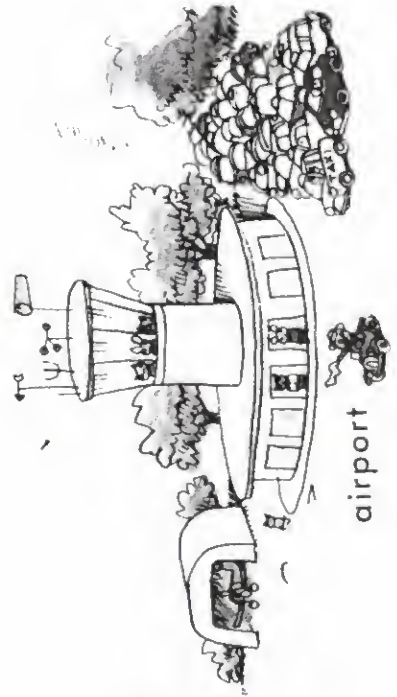
Nantes, France — Forty years ago, John F. Kennedy told crowds of Germans in West Berlin, "Ich bin ein Berliner." Several nights ago, Berliners held candles in memory of the victims of the terrorist attacks of Sept. 11, some wearing T-shirts proclaiming "Ich bin Amerikaner."

i read this in the paper a few days ago. i started crying.

Beneath the sheets of my bed, above the mattress... I...I am paralyzed. My eyes fixed upon the white ceiling. Memorizing the plaster imperfections. My lenses trace the path of a perfectly black spider. He climbs down the wall. His legs move methodically, closer, closer. He climbs over my forearm. He climbs under my shirt. He reaches my neck, and bites. Beautiful tingling engulfs my body. Push pins waking me from stagnant slumber. The feeling regained in my limbs allow the spasms to Beautiful spider. Beautiful world. commence.



the Fat drums are
 growing fatter.
 Whirlwinds tug at
 the highest of all
 hats and tick a low
 dampened style to
 death. Below the
 calloused feet are
 broken records and
 baby family trees.
 Sixteen relates
 not to six or
 twenty eight. Lordy,
 my sick dog knows
 not of memory but
 only of salt cellars.



I always knew his hands would come out of his pocket. Only to be
 wrung with a methodical rhythm. His hands were out, and he was
 pacing. Like a caged animal willingly trapped in a private
 delirium. Like a fucking caged animal. One step forward, two
 steps back. His hands were at his side. Dangling without
 purpose. His eyes glazed. Staring without purpose. All sense of
 (purpose) lost in the pockets of his pants. His hands free. Only
 to bring a can of kerosene to his parched face. Only to burn is
 fucking animal locked inside of itself. He carefully scratches
 around the lenses in his eye, making sure his hand follows its
 drill. His other hand goes free. I watch this liberated hand.
 he follows them down. His hands free from his pockets don't break
 the fall. The fall breaks him. Slowly, his pace falls and he is
 no longer a fucking animal with two hands. He reverts to a man
 with two arms and no hands. A man free from sages and singed
 eyebrows. I always knew his hands would come out of his pocket.
 I always knew they would set him free. - Amen.

i am such a sap at heart...

'sweet baby' by macy gray
many times i've been told that i should go,
they don't know what we've got, baby
they may not see the love in you,
but love i do, and i'll stay right here
sweet sweet baby, life is crazy
but there's one thing i am sure of
that i'm your lady, always baby
and i love you now and ever
sugar wishes don't change what is real
or how it feels in the bad times
for whatever he is, he is mine all the time
and we'll get by with our true love
sweet sweet baby life is crazy
but there's one thing i am sure of
that i'm your lady, always baby
and i love you now and ever
who would have ever thought the two of us
would come this far together?
so i'm here to say that without you baby
i can't go any further
sweet sweet baby, life is crazy
but there's one thing i am sure of
that i'm your lady, always baby
and i love you now and ever

why can't i find myself an idol - somebody that i can
look up to? be big enough to hold me close in their arms,
and never let me down
-aranda ghost

how come you're the one she got? how come you're not
ashamed of what you are?
-elliott smith

and you can tell everybody that this is your song,
it may be quite simple, but now that it's done, i hope
you don't mind that i put down in words how wonderful
life is now that you're in the world
-ewan mcgregor (i know it was elton john...but i
just love moulin rouge)

there's a shadow in the sky, and it looks like rain,
and shit is gonna fly once again...i don't want
ambivalence no more
-nelly furtado

we hope that you choke
-radiohead

the wisdom of lyrics...

i'm making bullshit disappear like i'm hou-fuckin-dini
-julie ruin

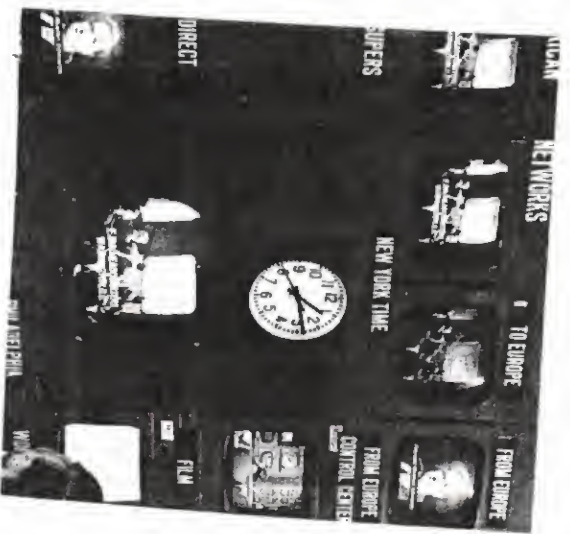
brutalize me with music
-bob marley

i don't believe in an interventionist god, but if i did,
i would kneel down and ask him not to intervene when it
came to you...if he felt he had to direct you, then
direct you into my arms..
-nick cave

my left brain knows that love is fleeting
-the white stripes

there once was a boi named Keithen
whose actions i thought were quite heathen
he said look at my rat,
now there's no beating that
& bent over & bit off his feet then

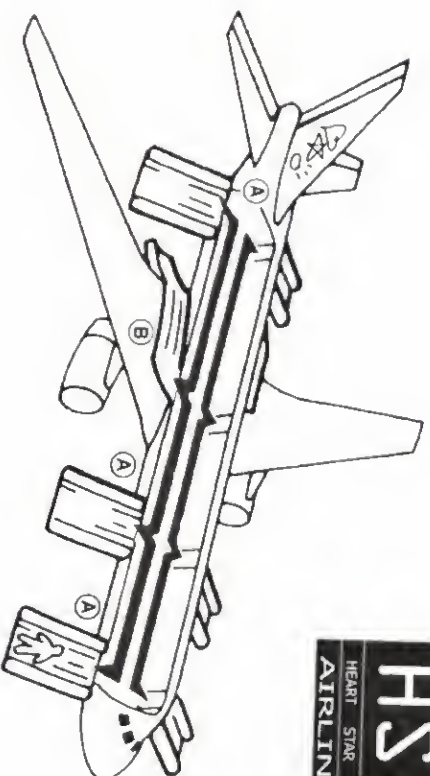




lled with dampened passion, he rises.
 a stares beyond his window, finding nothing.
 a returns to rest.
 on his pillow is a blood stain.
 lood from his forehead. A mistake.
 neath his pillow is a picture.
 picture cut out from Newsweek magazine.
 is Jesus.
 his feet, there are two novels.
 either with front covers, neither with plots.
 his right hand, he holds a cross.
 crucifix with Jesus on it.
 a has a ring on his left index finger.
 is girlfriend found it. For him.
 the sheets of his bed, there are two identical stains.
 is wrists are guilty.
 ext to his bed is his dog.
 ne dog licked the blood when it was fresh.
 ext to the picture of Jesus cut out from Newsweek
 is a knife.
 hat is not a mistake.
 a lost faith in himself.

At my sides, my arms dangle without apparent commitment
 My eyes closed, my feet together.
 I drip dry.
 A shallow breeze speeds the beautiful evaporation.
 A deep sigh spreads throughout my naked body.
 I can no longer believe in god.
 My feet are filled with sand, my hands are made of gold
 I exercise my right to free enterprise without
 hesitation...because there is (oh dear god) a cancer

in me.



HSH
 HEART STAR HALO
 AIRLINES

GOOD
 BOY
 SUIT

TASTES
 LIKE
 BURNING